

WASHINGTON.
"Our Country—always right—but, right or wrong,
our Country."
SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1838.
OFFICE ON E STREET, IN THE SQUARE IMMEDIATELY
WEST OF THE BURNT POST OFFICE.

TO NATIVE AMERICANS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY:
Fellow-Citizens: I am directed, by the President and Council of the Native American Association of the United States at Washington City, to invite you to form in the different counties and cities of the several States, auxiliary Native Associations to be united with us in this cause.

I am also instructed to call your attention to the necessity of authorizing a committee of such of those societies as may be formed, to prepare, in your name, memorials to Congress; to be presented at the early part of the ensuing session, praying for a repeal of the laws of naturalization.

Your fellow-countryman,
HENRY J. BRENT,
Corresponding Sec'y. of the Native Am.
Association of the U. S., Wash. City

Mr. GEORGE JACOBS, of this city, is an authorized Agent for this paper.

NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
The members are requested to meet on Tuesday evening, the 23d inst. at 6 o'clock, in the Theatre on Louisiana Avenue; and a full attendance is necessary, as important business will be submitted. By order.

THS. D. JONES, Rec. Sec.

In several of our last numbers we endeavored to show, and we think that we succeeded, that the people of Ireland were not desirable citizens for this country. We based our argument upon impartial authority, and rely upon its applicability in the premises. We could enlarge upon the subject to an infinite extent, but, for the present at least, shall abstain from farther investigation. The Irish in this country, as soon as the Native American emblem was bared to their view, and the principles of our cause emblazoned on its folds, cried aloud from Maine to Georgia, "Oh tyranny—Oh retro-action—Oh wo—wo—to union—liberty—and Ireland!" The howl of desolation and alarm rung on our ears at every corner of this goodly city. From the public offices at the West end of Washington, to the Irish Camp at the base of the Capitol, there was a flourish of shillelahs and a piteous wail of lamentation. We were not astonished at all this demonstration of pecuniary anxiety. The doctrine of our great and righteous cause had not been promulgated—they did not even understand its fundamental principles, and they denied the right in us to love our country, because forthwith they had abandoned their; besides, their pockets took alarm, which is the same thing as their patriotism.

Conspicuous as servile instruments at the polls—pre-eminence as seekers and obtainers of our public offices, they readily imagined that we had rallied together to take from their mouths, the crumbs of the American coffers. They conceived that the Native American Association was raised to overthrow their interest in our government, to underbid their iniquitous contracts for public work, and they became to the good and amiable people of this country, Martyrs—Saints, and persecuted Patriots. They knew how meanly they had fled from their own land, how they had usurped the rights of the native born in this, and they felt all those compunctious visitations of fear, incident to consciences not well directed towards the goal of honor.

We sicken to the very soul to see the capitol of this country, ruled almost entirely by foreigners, and those too of the lowest grade in manners and mind. Go where you will, you find a foreigner. A Dutchman guards the capitol, and his jaw-breaking prayer for the good of Dutch fatherland, is muttered beneath the dome of that edifice, once burned by a foreign foe, and ever dear as the citadel of our national wisdom. An Englishman or an Irishman is ever perambulating, in all "the insolence of office," the grounds belonging to the American people—driving about, like a herd of cattle, the insolent natives who may invade the pleasure walks of these inestimable genies—made by their hands—fashioned to their taste.

Descending from the capitol, you pass through files of foreigners—at least it was so during the summer, when work was done that it might be done over again, (for the public good)—and will be so again, when extra appropriations are passed—and you proceed upon your way along the Avenue; at every step and we call upon all our citizens to bear us out in the truth of our remarks; you see grog shops, kept almost exclusively by foreigners; (at some future day, the license list of these sinks of sin shall be exhibited)—"thick as hops" they cluster together; and from the capitol to the President's house, you smell the favor of whiskey, and read upon the signs evidence of exotic ideas of temperance. Gradually these people crawl out of their bar rooms, look around them, shout liberty, and are lifted on the wings of national gratitude to some snug sinecure, where they learn to love our country for its gilded bribe. "I love this country better than you," said one of these impudent men, one day to us, "because I took an oath to do so." Excellent logic. The oath that binds them to our laws, is not their choice—it is their necessity. They did not legislate that oath—it meets them on the threshold—it demands their obedience; and when they swear upon the holy book to love this country, do they cast aside forever those holy attachments that unite them to their distant lands? Does the child take an oath to love its mother? No—no. Then we do not bind ourselves to love this glorious mother by an oath—we inhale it in our natal atmosphere—we catch it in our first footsteps tottering about on father's fields. It is our twin born with us and to guide us. Suppose there was no law requiring that these people should bind themselves by an oath to love this country—and there might as well be no law, so openly is it broken—that is, to obey its laws, &c.—would they establish the oath? Ridiculous idea! Never. It is out of the law of nature to suppose so. And yet these people are preferred, openly and daringly preferred to native born. Their cause is espoused by the designing and the interested; but there will come a day, when we will "reveal the secrets of this prison house," and show up both the agents and the tools in this nefarious practice of honoring the pandering alien, over the independent American.

The delicacy of our situation cannot be well understood, unless our readers would enter into the full understanding of the novelty of our creed, and its bearing upon circumstances, as we find them grouped around us. We have made the plunge into the stormy sea of personal interests, and in our endeavors to rescue the sinking form of Native right from the absorbing vortex, we must inevitably injure high and powerful persons. We are like a son who sees amid the waves a number of struggling forms, and amid them that of our parent—we rush to her rescue, and to save her, regard not the sharks and agonies of drowning friends. We strike for her alone, and to save her, risk every thing. Therefore we are forever, in the discussion of this cause, wounding some personal friend; but we cannot help it, the high principle of national right has alone charms for us, and so we strive to win the goal, careless who may be over-

turned in the race. We have felt ourselves called upon to give utterance to these personal feelings, because in the following letter, the querist involves the situation of a personal friend—(we refer to Mr. Hassler, junior.)—with whom we are upon terms of friendship; but we do not ask him to excuse us, for giving publicity to this letter; because we feel bound, in the discharge of our duty, to listen to the claims of our countrymen, and to speak aloud and fearlessly for their rights and honor.

Our columns will be open for a reply from any friend of the parties.

To the Editor of the Native American:

Sir: I have not yet seen any allusion in your paper to the fact of a foreigner (Mr. Hassler) being employed in the survey of our coast, at a salary more than equal to that of one of our Secretaries—between six and seven thousand dollars; his son is also (as I understand from good authority) in the receipt of \$2,500 per annum—an amount nearly equal to the salary of one of the heads of our departments. Can no native American be found capable, or willing, to take charge of the survey of our coast for the salary paid to Mr. H.? This amount of upwards of \$6,000 is paid Mr. Hassler in addition to all expenses of servants, wages, horse hire, &c. &c. Be so good as to satisfy yourself on this subject, and let us see some notice of it in your paper. Yours,
A NATIVE AMERICAN.

FOREIGN INFLUENCE OVER THE NATIVE PRESS.

In the Philadelphia Ledger of January 9th, we find a very able article entitled "The Poor." In the course of the editorial remarks, the writer found it incumbent upon him to speak of the debased state of Ireland in the scale of temperance. On the day following we discover that the editor had been waited on by a committee of Irishmen, who required that he should retract his offensive remarks, or they would drop his paper. They were the representatives (so says the Ledger) of the grog shop keepers. If these people can threaten the public press and its conductors, where will they stop? This is a singular instance, and we beg the reader to bear in mind that we note it down as one of the signs that daily come to us from every quarter of the country, of the disposition in these people to trample upon American rights. We trust in heaven that no editor of an American press will shrink from his duty, even if these ruffians crowd around his desk with pistols and bludgeons. We are a free body of men, wielding our pens for the interests of our country, in a greater or less degree, and we will be sustained by our native population. Let us fight on.

The Irish laborers along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, have lately become outrageous, and have assembled in large numbers, committed depredations upon the inhabitants, and driven some of them from their houses. The Governor of this State has ordered 300 stand of arms to be sent to the counties in the north-west, to be put into the hands of the people, that they may prevent any similar aggression from these Irish laborers.

Would it not be good policy to send arms to the counties lying along the line of James river and Kanawha improvements?—The Irish laborers are so pugnacious a set of beings that we may expect that they will some day muster their forces and give the inhabitants battle. In peace we should be prepared for war.—[Ed. N. AMER.]

So it is necessary to arm the Natives against these no-bler than natives. Surely they exhibit a great love for our country, and deserve the cordial welcome of all such individuals as "A Native of Maryland," and others of his class—who beg the beggars of Europe to come among us and teach us how to cut each others throats. Really these specimens of foreign valor, will eventually, unless checked by the aid of the Native American Associations, induce the poor natives to believe that they are invincible, and tamely submit to their bloody rule.—[Ed. N. AMER.]

We are glad to find the following in the Lyons Argus—a paper to whose respectable Editor, we addressed a few remarks in a preceding number. We believe that there is not a paper in the limits of the Union that can withstand the promptings of reason—Nature and Country.

"The editor of the 'Native American' has misapprehended us, if he supposes we are any more in favor of foreign interference in the administration of our civil and political affairs, than he is. But we cannot reply to him this week.

On Thursday, Mr. TALMADGE of the Senate presented the Memorial of the Native Americans of this city—and it was ordered to be printed.

The Boston American, a brilliant little sheet, which we have spoken of before, in terms of the highest commendation, thus speaks of the memorials presented to Congress by Gov. Lincoln, and which we took notice of at the time. In the due course of time, we expect much from Massachusetts. In her bosom are the coals of the Revolution still glowing; and ere long, she will speak on the subject of Native Americanism, as she did of yore on Bunker and at Lexington. In New York, too, a memorial signed by our fellow countrymen, will soon be another cheering beacon to the faint of heart and weary of limb. Our cause is strengthening in numbers—already it is powerful in principle. Who is not a Native American? A foreigner—Who is one? Let your own proud hearts reply. Then how can we be but a separate and distinct class. We cannot worship two Gods—nor two countries. It is nature—reason—instinct, that direct us to the course we have taken; and sooner or later, there will be thousands and tens of thousands, who will thank the Native American Association of the United States for setting this ball in motion.

"We confess that this is utterly new to us, and are really vexed that a memorial on that all-important subject, the repeal of the Naturalization Laws, should be forwarded to Congress from our 'old and gallant Commonwealth,' with so paltry a number of signatures attached to it. It should have had thousands, and would if it had been known by the people that such a memorial had been started. Those presented by our patriotic and much-respected friend, ex-Governor Lincoln, must have emanated from his own patriotic town of Worcester. In three days as many thousand names could be obtained to a memorial of the kind referred to, in this city alone."

It is our duty as well as it is our pride, to aid the steps of modest genius, and help to induce into its shrinking heart, the impulses of hope and courage. Of late we have been so overrun and trodden down in this blessed land, by feet from foreign shores, so deafened by shouts of foreign bragadocio, that we have been bewildered by all these confusing circumstances, and have lost sight of those native stars that shine calmly and steadily despite this tempest of exotic rage.

Some months back, an Editor of a western paper was passing by the shop door of a humble worker in stone, a grave-yard sculptor, when he was struck by the beauty of some figures on a head stone. He entered and told the young man, that he was destined to higher things, and begged him to turn his attention to the "human face divine," and try to catch its expression from living models, and implant it on stone. The youth turned from his old familiar and mournful chums, the grave-yard monuments, and attempted a bust of our worthy brother of the press. The success attendant on the bold attempt was great, and the shop was soon changed into the ambitious studio of an artist. Mr. Clay's bust was taken—other distinguished men visited the rising genius, and "sitters" multiplied on his hands, until his fame spread from Cincinnati to New Orleans, and orders came to him to furnish numerous castes of Mr. Clay. The beauty of this simple history of genius is, that before the first bust was made, the artist had never seen a bust by which to regulate his judgment

but with the light of that bright lamp, that shines with the will of Heaven, in the brain of those doomed to eminence, he worked out his rules—formed the complete head; and accomplished a miracle—in our wondering opinion.

We published some months ago, an account of his sudden rise, and we have now the daily pleasure of witnessing his progress, for he is here, and has finished a most exquisite and striking likeness of John Quincy Adams. It is about the sixth or seventh time that that distinguished man has sat for a similar purpose, and we have seen several castes of his head; but none to surpass the one just completed. He has him in the attitude of speaking, his head bent forward, and those singular and elastic brows drawn afar up on the forehead, like two rainbows threatening storm or sunshine as the case may be.

Mr. S. V. Clevenger has his room at Mr. Thos. Wilson's on Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Railroad Depot and the Capitol.

THEATRE.

On Thursday night, we saw Booth in Sir Giles Overreach—that profoundly plotted and celebrated play—and in which Booth himself has won half his laurels.

We had seen him before in this play, but must confess that he had never reached the points of excellence, that he consummated in his last personification.

He did not flag in any part of the piece, but sustained himself in full vigor of voice, gesture and conception.—The scenes with Marry were passing beautiful, and in the last act, where he rushes about the stage, maddened to despair by the blank deed, by the perfidy of his mental—the disappointment of his ambition, in the marriage of his daughter, and his final prostration; no one could have surpassed him.

A comparison cannot be drawn between Vandenhoff and Booth. Why, we cannot now command time to say. We will do Mr. Mossap justice. In *Wellborn* he exhibited genius—or more technically speaking, he understood thoroughly the character. He is a rising young man, and if he will attend to his voice, by giving it more play, and keep a strict watch over his eyes (he draws them up too much, which gives them a smiling appearance,) he will stand very high in his profession. His figure is good and his face fair—but there is a small defect about his mouth, which he can have remedied by calling at Maynard's, Pennsylvania Avenue.

Mr. Wills as Marry, played excellently, but his figure is not in keeping with a "lean Attorney." Mr. Rodney as Lord Lovell, was below criticism. The gentleman may have been lively, in which case he is excusable for his time, untouched, unfeeling acting. Mrs. Hughes as Lady Allworth, played better than we had ever seen her in any character. Her dress, however, should have been mourning, in the first act. Mrs. Knight was sweet—inocent and modest. She is an excellent actress indeed.

Can we pass by the music of the Orchestra? The pieces are admirably executed, and as well selected—the most grand and brilliant compositions—such as those played by the Prague Company, &c. The audience was thin, but select—a large ice-cream and cake gathering having taken off the major part of our play going people. Sugar cake and lemonade preferable to Booth? Oh rare.

THE REGISTER.

We recommend the attention of the public, here and elsewhere, to the notice of NILES' REGISTER in this day's paper. The complete sets of that valuable work can be had at a very moderate rate. To politicians and others, interested in the general welfare of their country, it will form a valuable library of itself, being a complete history of the country for the last twenty-five years.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW AND U. STATES MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

Is it to be expected, what with attending to our fast increasing correspondence—our fast increasing subscription list—our hammering into the stubborn enemies of the Natives, with broadsides well laden with canister and grape, that we could read over carefully every article in this number? We have read some, and others we have dipped into only. The contents are of interest and of varied talent, exhibiting a proof that the contributors are both numerous and able.

The *Supreme Court of the United States*, &c.—is a very powerful States-rights paper, and embellished with brilliant portraits of the Judges.

The sketch of the great and good Marshal is beyond compare.

The *Familist's Hymn*, by Whittier.—Melancholy, and not over melodious—wanting in that vigor for which the Quaker Poet is, in our mind, distinguished.

Apelles.—Interesting and picturesque.

The *Monuments of Greece*. Poetry.—The author is familiar to every lover of American genius, and these lines are spirited and classical. This piece has made some noise since its appearance. The author came out in the National Intelligencer, and said that he had been mutilated. To this "Justitia" rejoined, defending the Magazine. "G. H." (we wish we could mention his modest but brilliant name) having discovered who "Justitia" was, inserted in the National that he could take no farther notice of the Latin anonymous. In Wednesday's paper the mask is removed in some measure, and "Justitia" ravenously for abuse and idiosyncrasy, parades forth in the foreign initials of "H. C. McL." Here ends the mystery, to us as deep as the celebrated Iron Chest with shavings, in the world-astounding enigma of Myer's Agency. We would advise "G. H." to be content, and give his thoughts no more to quarrelling with men with such outlandish signaturs.

Foot Prints on the Sea Shore, by Hawthorn.—Beautiful, beautiful. We have never with these two anxious and ocean-hoping eyes seen the old and mighty sea, but we have heard sailors talk of it—have seen it in fine paintings—have heard it roar when a child, in the old conch shell that adorned the centre table; but the long swelling, foam-bearing waters, we have not seen, and it is a great sorrow with us that we are so ignorant of the elements of nature; but Hawthorn has brought the vision before us, perfect to the imagination. How clearly we see it heaving and panting on the shore as if its great heart was breaking with majestic thoughts; and we thank the gifted author for thus giving us a fresh glimpse of the Atlantic. The Editors should feel proud of this glorious contributor.

An *Incident*, &c. by Bryant.—Very pretty. We are no great admirers of Bryant—but that is of very little consequence, when all the world differ with us in that particular.

The *Canada Question*.—Every citizen of the United States should read this very able and lucid exposition.—We are glad to see the Democratic Review taking ground with the Natives—but take care, friends, else the grizzly bear of the Globe will claw you for daring to advocate any thing that smacks of native land. The Globe goes for money, not country, and that's as plain as a pike staff. We doubt, though, whether the Democratic intended to help our cause—it must have been a mistake.

Jaron Burr. Davis' Life.—Ah but the writer of this article has the "Spy in Washington" on the hip. Shame—shame, Mr. Davis, to be caught in a bragging paragraph about what you know of Burr's mistresses. We don't believe one half we hear of Burr's irresistible power with the gentler sex. It is a bugbear to frighten old maids into color with sensible people—want none of it.

Political Portraits with Pen and Pencil. Mr. Rives.—Pretty severe upon the illustrious Conservative, and we would not suppose that he is grateful for the poor and unflattering attempt at a likeness that accompanies the notice of his merits and demerits.

The balance of the articles are long, but upon interesting topics; "The New York Election"—"Retrospective View of the South American States"—"The History of the Session," &c.

Will the Editors answer us one question? Where are the "Glances at Congress, by a Reporter, No. 2?"

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JANUARY.

This is an excellent number. The poetry is excellent. The prose articles are not so brilliant as they should be. Why is the poetry of the Knickerbocker so much better than that of the Southern Literary Messenger? The prose of the latter is far superior to that of the former. The northern men are all poets—John Quincy Adams: cold, reserved, diplomatic—he is a teeming versifier. He has all the soul—the fire, but lacks the taste; which latter ingredient is after all the germ of writing, indeed of every thing, down to soup-making. Miss Beasley, of New Jersey, has a delicious little gem called the "Cotter's Wife."

The "Intercepted Letters from a sensitive Braton," are highly instructing. We shall take great pleasure in extracting from this article. We like these biting sarcasms on tourists, &c.

The literary notices, for a wonder, we like. There is excellent criticism to be found in the review of Brooks, the still poet; and in Bacon, the bright boy. We are pressed for time, or would go more fully into this number. It is well worth the national and American patronage which it receives.

Our readers will not blame us for occupying so much of this day's paper with Mr. Everett's Address. Our excuse will be found in the beauty and utility of the composition. Orations like this, can never fail to improve the mind of all classes of readers, and to youth, in particular, we recommend its perusal.

We do not entirely agree with some of the propositions of our correspondent "Boston;" but recommend his able and triumphant reply to "A Native of Maryland," to the careful attention of that misguided and misjudging writer.

We are glad to hear that our friends are rallying in Alexandria.

News from Canada has become a bore.

OUR COTEMPORARIES.

We are happy to see our old friend and fellow laborer, the "Native American of Brooklyn" once more. His face looks animated—sure sign of an honest heart. The paper is neatly printed, and though of reduced size, contains excellent reading matter.

Married on Tuesday, the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Coombs, GEORGE W. WILSON, editor of the *Marlboro Gazette*, to Miss MARY A. E. LYNCH, all of Prince George's county.

We do not regret to see that our cotemporary of the *Marlboro Gazette* has been lynched—the noose was not too good for him.

"We beg our patrons to overlook our negligence in not issuing the Gazette for a week or two past."

"Be to our foibles a little kind."

And we will promise to make amends hereafter, by redoubling our exertions to please.—*Marlboro Gazette*. Now that the "Lynched" editor is doubled, he talks appropriately of redoubling his efforts to please. Only think of an editor taking a week or two for a honeymoon. It must have proceeded entirely from absence—of mind from the editorial chair. An editor taking a honeymoon! It is a rare joke.

In the Legislature of Alabama, on the 18th ult. a lawyer by the name of Ward, a young gentleman of promising talents, asked to be relieved from the operations of the duelling law, the disabilities of which he had incurred, (and which in that state includes disqualification from practising at the bar.) A long and able debate ensued on the application; but the Legislature refused to grant it.

CANADA.

No news of much importance from the west has reached us. Rumors of several attacks upon Navy Island, have at different times reached us; but they amount to nothing more than the firing of a few guns by the British, which did no harm. The following letter, from the Rochester Democrat, written by the Editor, who is, or has been on Navy Island, contains the latest news from that quarter.

SUNDAY MORNING, 7 o'clock, A. M.
During last evening Gen. Van Rensselaer received information from an authentic source, that he would be attacked this morning at sunrise, and that the attack would be preceded by a bombardment of six hours.

With this information, you may conceive the excitement which was produced by the war of cannon, from the main shore, at midnight. The first, second, and third rounds were accompanied by bombs, which exploded before they reached the island—presenting in the explosion a most beautiful spectacle.

The night was beautifully serene, and as the messengers of death were heard whistling through the air, the reflection irresistibly pressed itself upon the mind, however holy might be the cause which induced it, war was an evil greatly to be deprecated.

The firing continued, at intervals, until 4 o'clock, at which hour it commenced raining severely. It still rains, and it has doubtless frustrated the plan of attack, as no attack has yet been made. If an attack is not made soon the Patriot army will proceed to secure a foothold upon the Canada shore. How, time will develop.

An express arrived here yesterday stating that Duncombe had embodied an army of a thousand on a British island, in the neighborhood of Detroit. I conceive this far more probable than that he had taken Fort Malden.

There are about 300 riflemen on Grand Island, who will take very good care that none of McNabb's troops effect a landing thereon, or even intrude too extensively on American water.

The Indians, under McNabb, are extensively dispersing. Out of the 4 or 500, not more than 100 now remain.

I firmly believe, from my knowledge of the character of the men upon the island, and of the island itself, that 2000 men would meet with a prompt and bloody repulse, if they attempted to land upon the island. This the Patriots believe themselves, and at a meeting of the officers yesterday, a unanimous hope was expressed that McNabb would make an immediate attack.

The moment anything of importance occurs D.

12 o'clock.

P. S. I have just learned that the Grand Jury of Niagara county had indicted McNabb, Moshier, Chalmers, McLeod, Zeland, Jarvis, Warner, Ridgeby, McDonald, Warren, for murder—it being ascertained that they were all, either as abettors or actors, engaged in the destruction of the Caroline.

DEATHS.
In this city, on the 18th instant, after a lingering illness, THOMAS ARBUCKLE, Esq.; for many years a faithful clerk in the Post Office Department. Respected in life for his many virtues, and supported in death by the consolations of that religion which governs his progress through life; he has left many friends and acquaintances, who, on their own account, will long regret the loss they have sustained by his decease.

Died suddenly, in this city, on the morning of the 12th instant, Mrs. MARGARET A. SMOOT, consort of Capt. JOSEPH SMOOT, of the United States Navy, aged twenty-five years.

This truly amiable and interesting lady was in health and happiness in the midst of her family and friends, (who knew well how to appreciate her excellence, and will long and sincerely lament her loss,) but a few hours before her death, by which her husband and family have been deprived of one of the best of wives and mothers, and society of one of its brightest ornaments.

With the permission of the Speaker and the Chaplain, JOSEPH JOHN GUNNEY, from England, a minister of the Society of Friends, proposes holding a service for DIVINE WORSHIP, in the Hall of the Representatives on First Day (Sunday) morning, the 21st inst. at 11 o'clock. The company of officers of Government, and of the members of the two Houses, with the public generally, is respectfully requested.

NOTICE.

NILES' REGISTER.
In reply to daily inquiries from Members of Congress and others, it is deemed proper thus to state, that complete sets of NILES' REGISTER, from its commencement in September, 1811, to the present period, can be obtained on application to Mr. PHILIP REICART, the agent of the late Editor in Baltimore, Maryland, or to the present Editor in Washington city, on the following terms, for cash only, payable on delivery, viz:

52 vols. (in sheets,) from September, 1811, to September, 1837, subscription price, -	\$180 00
9 Supplements, containing Congressional Speeches, &c. at \$1, -	9 00
General Index, -	2 00
	\$191 00
25 per cent. discount, -	\$3 25
	\$187 75

The reputation of the "Register," as a record of important public papers, illustrative of the history of public measures and of public men, and of facts and events connected with the progress of the nation, as exhibited in statistical details, &c. &c. is so well established in this country and in Europe, that it is deemed unnecessary to speak of its character or objects further than to say that by common consent it seems to be considered an indispensable portion of the library of the statesman and politician, and is quoted by all parties with entire reliance upon the facts stated, which are always based, when they can be obtained, upon official statements.

The complete sets remaining on hand are quite limited; and, as the work cannot, as some suppose, be reprinted, unless at great expense, persons who wish to possess them should make early application.

January 20, 1838.

NATIONAL THEATRE, WASHINGTON.

BENEFIT
And Last appearance this Season, of
MR. BOOTH.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20, will be presented Shakespeare's Tragedy of
KING LEAR.

KING LEAR. - - - - - **MR. BOOTH.**

To conclude with the highly laughable Farce of the

RENDEZVOUS.

Quake, - - - - - **Mr. RIDGLE,**

Simon, - - - - - **Mr. WILLS.**

The celebrated Comedian Mr. BURTON, is engaged for a few nights, and will appear on Monday.

WOOD! WOOD!—The subscribers are now receiving a quantity of Wood by way of railroad, which will sell for cash, at the depot, for \$4 50 per cord, or \$5 delivered. P. M. PEARSON & CO. Inquire at the Wood and Coal Yard, between 3d and 4 1/2 streets, Pennsylvania Avenue. Jan. 13.

RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.—Howard's Compound Syrup of Carrageen, a safe, simple, pleasant, and effectual remedy for chronic coughs, asthma, consumptions, &c.

This Syrup has deservedly acquired great reputation, and the confidence of physicians, as a remedy in the cure of pulmonary diseases. It is not offered as a specific, but will be found generally effectual in the cure of chronic coughs, asthma, &c. and will frequently relieve obstinate pulmonary diseases.

When circumstances admit, it should be used under the direction of a physician. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, at my Pharmacy, near 7th Buildings. FLODORADO HOWARD—Also for sale by S. J. Todd, C. Stott, G. S. Farquhar, and C. Boyle, Washington; G. M. Southern, Georgetown; Wm. Stabler, and John Sears, Alexandria. Jan. 13—1f

WASHINGTON BRANCH RAILROAD.

TRANSPORTATION DEPOT.—Notice is hereby given that, in consequence of the impracticability of making numerous collections and the losses heretofore sustained, no merchandise, or other articles hereafter conveyed upon the road, will be permitted to be removed from the depot until the amount of freight and charges be paid, except for those merchants who receive large consignments, and are in the habit of paying their bills promptly on the first of each month.

WASHINGTON BRANCH RAILROAD.—On and after Monday next, the 11th inst., the cars will leave the depot in this city for Baltimore at 9 o'clock, A. M., instead of 9 3/4 A. M., as heretofore.

The object of this alteration is to render certain the arrival of the trains at Baltimore early enough to afford ample time for passengers going north to take the steamboat, which now departs daily for Philadelphia at half past 12 o'clock.

The afternoon train will, as heretofore, leave the depot at a quarter after 5 o'clock, P. M.

Sept. 8—1f

HOUSE FURNISHING WAREHOUSES.

BOYLER & DONN, on Pennsylvania Avenue, between 1st and 2nd streets. We have in store at our Rooms a very general assortment of House Furnishing Goods, to which we would invite the attention of persons furnishing. The following list comprises a part of our stock: Pier, Card, Dining, Breakfast, Washing, and Kitchen Tables; Bedsteads, Beds, and Mattresses; Sofas; Sideboards; Dressing and Plain Bureaux; Gill frame, Mantel, and Pier Looking Glasses; Box, Toilet, and Commode; Mahogany, Case-seat and Wood-seat Chairs, and Rockers; Chairs; Dinner, Toilet, and Tea sets; Plates, Dishes, Pitchers, and Cups and Saucers; Glass Tumblers, Decanters, Wine glasses and Pitchers; Hock and Champagne glasses; Plated Castors; Candlesticks, and Snuffers; Trays; Astral, Hall, Mantel, and Side Lamps; Ivory handled Knives and Forks, full sets of 51 pieces; Combs, and Buck handled Knives and Forks; Shovel and Tongue and Buck handled Knives; Britannia Tea sets; Spoons and Fenders and Andirons; Britannia Tea sets; Spoons and Fenders; Stock Tin Coffee Pots and Beggins; Eggs; Coffee Pots and Bread-graters; Hearth, Crumb Hair, Blackboard, Sweeping, Horse, and Scrubbing Brushes; Tea Caddies; Coffee Mills and Spice Boxes; a general assortment of Tin and Iron Ware; Baskets; Chairs; Work, Knife, and Cake Baskets, Waiters and Tea Boards; Brass, Litter, and Glass Curtains; Knobs; Glass, Mahogany Bureaux; Clocks; Bird Cases; Spades, Hoes, Rakes and Gridirons; Ivory Rolling Combs, a superior article; Cork-screens; Lignumvita and Brass Castors; Tacks, Screws, Nails, Braces, and Iron and Britannia Spoons; Bureau Keys, and Brass Screw Rings; Boxes of Blacking, and Rat and Mouse Traps; Hinge-hane, Painted and Cedar Buckets; Bread Troughs, Cake Boards, and Clothes pins, Barrel Covers, Churns, and Tubs; Feather and Basket Carriers; Tea Bells and Spoon Stands; Table Mats and Stable Litters; besides a variety of useful articles not enumerated, all of which they will sell low. Aug 10—1f